Fai. Ready; and *I*, and *I*, and *I*. Where ſhall we go?

Tita. Be kinde and curteous to this Gentleman,
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eies,
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries,
The hony bags ſteale from the humble Bees,
And for night tapers, crop their waxen thighes,
And light them at the fiery Glow-wormes eies,
To haue my loue to bed, and to ariſe
And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,
To fanne the Moone-beames from his ſleeping eyes,
Nod to him Elues, and do him curteſies.

1. *Fai.* Haile mortall, haile.

2. *Fai.* Haile.

3. *Fai.* Haile.

Bot. I cry your worſhips mercy hartily; I beſeech your worſhips name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance, good Maſter *Cobweb*: if *I* cut my finger, *I* ſhall make bold with you. Your name honeſt gentleman?

Peaſ. Peaſe-bloſſome.

Bot. I pray you commend me to miſtreſſe *Squaſh*, your Mother, and to maſter *Peaſcod* your Father. Good maſter *Peaſe-bloſſome*, *I* ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance to. Your name I beſeech you ſir?

Muſ. Muſtard-ſeede.

Bot. Good maſter *Muſtard ſeed*, I know your patience well: that ſame cowardly gyant-like Oxe-beefe hath deuoured many a gentleman of your houſe. I promiſe you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I deſire you more acquaintance, good Maſter *Muſtardſeed.*

Tita. Come waite vpon him, leade him to my bower.
The Moone me-thinks, lookes with a watry eie,
And when ſhe weepes, weepe euery little flower,

Lamen-

Lamenting ſome enfor
Tye vp my louers tong
Enter King of Fair
Ob. I wonder if *Tita*
Then what it was that
Which ſhe muſt dote o
Here comes my meſſen
What night-rule now a
Puck. My miſtreſſe wi
Neere to her cloſe and
While ſhe was in her d
A crew of patches, rude
That worke for bread, v
Were met together to
Intended for great *Thes*
The ſhalloweſt thick-s
Who *Piramus* preſente
Forſooke his Scene, an
When I did him at this
An Aſſes nole I fixed o
Anon his *Thisbie* muſt
And forth my Minnock
As wilde geeſe, that the
Or ruſſed pated chough
(Riſing and cawing at
Seuer themſelues, and
So at his ſight, away hi
And at our ſtampe, her
He murther cryes, and
Their ſenſe thus weake
Made ſenſeleſſe things
For briars and thornes
Some ſleeues, ſome ha
I led them on in this d
And left ſweete *Piram*